

Moods and Moments

Brockport Isn't
Hard To Find

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By DESMOND STONE

Last night I visited the State University at Brockport. That's a pretty simple accomplishment by most standards.

But for me it was like making a voyage of discovery across an uncharted sea—not because Brockport is very far away or newly sprung up, but because I have such a wretched sense of direction once beyond the city lines.

In this instance, too, there was a psychological barrier to break. The only other time we were anywhere near Brockport we collided at 50 miles an hour with a Weimaraner that leaped suddenly into the road after a rabbit at dusk.

We had a nasty few moments. Without seat belts, we should probably have been thrown against the windshield.

EVERYONE was upset about the dog. Miraculously, it suffered no broken bones and was recovering at last inquiry. But such was the impact that \$200 damage was done to the car. Fortunately, because this was a collision with an animal, the "deductible insurance" wasn't deducted.

It's funny, incidentally, how superstitions are formed. We'd gone in haste from the house that day and left the dishes stacked but unwashed, something we rarely do.

Ever since then, we've made it a rule, at whatever the cost in lateness, never to leave the dishes undone before going out. As if this could possibly make any difference to accident probabilities!

I was left also with an instinctive desire to avoid the Brockport area and so I've never come to know it or the university.

AS IT TURNED OUT, I met no dogs last night and had no problems finding the university. (It helps if the street is named College Street.)

My only blooper in trying to locate Prof. John Killigrew in B-11 was to wander into a room and ask the man inside if he were the professor.

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He told me I was in the storeroom. I suppose he must have been one of the maintenance staff.

But that's no insult to either the good professor or the maintenance man. It only goes to show how dead is the old caricature of the professor. Today he might even be the man next door.

THIS IS the long way around to saying that Prof. Killigrew (formerly with the Central Intelligence Agency and now a teacher of history, with the Far East as his special field) was one of several participants last night in a panel discussion on foreign policy under President Johnson at the International Relations Club, of which student John Billard of Cortland is president.

Not surprisingly, a great deal of the talk swirled about Gen. De Gaulle. It seemed impossible to get away from the man.

I was sharply reminded of the day in Washington when he strode like a gaunt Colossus on the straggly leading edge of mourners.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO to the State University at Brockport, of course, to realize what a dominating figure is De Gaulle. But you do have to go there to appreciate how this institution is expanding, physically and in its horizons.

Because it's come from other beginnings, it's grown a bit like Topsy in the past. But the shape of the present and future is promising. The handsome modern library must surely get everybody's vote; a genuine fire was flickering in the fireplace of the Informal Room.

It was too dark to see far around the village last night, but the university must bulk as big in Brockport's life as De Gaulle does in Europe.